



Aleccia

By,
J.C. Krieg

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Aleecia

When and where did it begin? Were there signs? Have I always been more like Nature and Animals than like people? At least as they have become.

I used to peddle, and sometimes run, along a road that passed ^{by} a stand of old growth conifers, bereft of undergrowth. Sunlight blinked between the green shuttered trees, filling me with a profound, ineffable peace every time I went by them. Seemingly countless other people walked or ran by that stand, getting their exercise. Over the years I ended up telling nearly all of them about the wondrous feeling those trees evoked in me. No one felt what I felt in that regard, nor did they understand it.

Towards the end of my stay in that woodland community I bound a large padded basket to the handlebars of my bicycle. Placing a small folded blanket inside, I then put a bell ^{loved} cat comfortably and securely on top so that she could easily see well beyond the roadside. As I peddled past that stand of old growth conifers she stared at them wide eyed and open mouthed. In the fourteen years I had lived with her I had never seen such a look on her face. To me, she looked the way I felt when I passed by those trees.

Years later I bought a house and six acres in the woods for four cats I had inherited. ^{the house} I had a pet door and a ramp leading up to a window ledge with a folded blanket for them to sleep on, bask in the sunlight and gaze at the stars. I put a chain link fence around the place, securing the bottom of the fence against coyotes and dogs. Beyond the fence, almost every day, I took them one at a time for a walk in the woods, carrying each in a partly unzipped day pack. I would release them at some distance from the house. Following him or her as they made their way back, stopping from time to time to investigate an interesting sight, sound or scent. At other times I took each one on an adventure, up cliffs, into caves, to the sandy shores of translucent emerald lakes, to a stand of deciduous old growth trees, or an abandoned dilapidated old cabin. I spared no expense or effort in giving them the best life I could.

One by one they passed away. The last was the most adventurous of all. When she first saw some chickens in a coup, she had the most spellbound look on her face I have ~~ever seen~~ ^{ever seen}, ~~or probably ever shall see~~. She was known for hiding in the grass, then jumping into the middle of a flock of birds, scaring them away, all unharmed.

Two years ago I lost her in the hills by ~~the~~ ^a river, about twenty miles from the house. Night fell as I headed up with a sleeping bag, to where I had last seen her. On the way I heard the call of a night bird. I stopped and said, "little birdy, could you help me find my cat? She has always been so kind to birdies". I continued on until once again I heard the call of a night bird at some distance to the North West of me. The same one, or the same kind. I turned and moved on in ~~the~~ ^{that} direction, stopping at the edge of a clearing. I could see and hear the bird in the moonlit branches of a juniper. There I saw the dark ~~from~~ ^{of} my cat moving in a crouch across the moonlit clearing. I raced over, scooped her up, put her in the sleeping bag and went back to the road. I placed her on a comfortable blanket in her carrier, which was strapped to the rear

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bicycle rack. Clearly visible with a tail light, headlight, and reflective tape, I peddled home, the sleeping bag having been stuffed into a back saddlebag. Hardly anyone passed us that night, making our journey all the more breathtaking in its beauty.

Did I find her by luck or "Is there more to Heaven and Earth than dreamt in your philosophy..."? My favorite line from Shakespeare.

She passed away almost two years later, remaining forever part of my heart. I came to adore her far more than I could any human being.

I was thinking of her the day of that fateful meeting as I prepared to peddle to town twenty miles away with a load of laundry as my washer was out. I noticed a spider by my right foot. Bending down, I placed my index finger in front of him. He climbed onto it. Gently, I nudged him off my finger, with my thumb, onto a blanket that had been folded up and laid on the seat of a porch chair. "There you are, Spidey," I said, with a wisp of a smile.

As I pushed my bicycle down a narrow foot path towards the gate I noticed out of the corner of my eye, someone standing to the West of me just outside the fence. Laying the bicycle down, I turned and saw what looked to me to be ~~some~~ the largest domestic cat I have ever seen. She seemed to be about 40 to 50 pounds with a thick white and black coat. She looked at me and my surroundings, as calmly as Buddha in Nirvana, as I approached her. There was an air of benevolence about her, far beyond anything I had ever sensed before. It was as if a life force had taken on the earthly form of a feline. With a last lingering look from her blue eyes, she turned and ever so gracefully went up the forested hill behind her, vanishing into the trees, and over the hill.

Out the gate I pushed the bicycle. Peddling down the dirt road that went by my place, I was soon lost in the fresh fragrant air, towering trees, grassy meadows, and boundless blue, cloud adorned sky. Three miles later I paused, as always, before turning onto a paved road by the fire station. Feeling a magic, ineffable peace, as I looked out over a distant enchanted valley with two forested mountain less peaks, I felt as if I were gazing at another world in another universe.

Down the road I went. Four miles later it became a dirt road. No one passed me, making the journey all the more haunting. The solace, serenity and savored ecstasy of bicycling outdoors. Little by little I became wonder struck as the sky became the darkest, most luminous blue I had ever seen, or would have ~~ever~~ thought possible.

Racing onto a highway, I passed along a creek in a huge valley with a lofty mountain range extending further South than the eye could see. Four miles later I coasted into town on my bicycle, my heavenly transport. Birds swooped and soared into the dark, dark blue crystalline sky, far more gracefully than I have ever seen. I was spellbound.

No one in town seemed to notice the miraculous change in the sky, much less the birds. I brought it to the attention of a couple of people. They had eyes but could not see? They acted like I was crazy. I dropped the subject and left. Was I seeing things?

Unloading my clothes and some detergent into a washer at the laundromat, I closed the lid, turned the washer on, and stepped outside to feast my eyes upon the glory of the Heavens. Standing to the side of the glass door, I happened to notice a girl inside, walking fast towards the door. Just as she reached it, I opened it up. "Thanks" she said, as she continued on out. She headed around to the opposite side of an old ~~pickup~~^{yellow} truck. In the bed of the truck was the biggest dog I have ever laid eyes on. He had a thick yellow shaggy coat, and was leaning over the edge of the truck, looking down at the girl. She was looking up at him, I could see her head. They seemed to be the best of friends. Stepping around to her side, I heard her say, "Stay Tooaa, we're going home." He lifted his head slightly, his eyes and mouth opened, as he moaned softly.

She looked up, with a slight blissful smile. "I can't get over it either," she whispered.

"You see it too", I said as I moved over to Tooaa.

"Only you and I, as far as I know" she answered. "Among people" she added.

"What is your name?"

"Aleecia."

"How beautiful."

"And yours?" she asked as she seemed to look within me with her deep blue eyes. Contrasting so magnificently with her short black hair, which seemed to match her blue shirt and faded brown pants.

"Jason."

"A blue jay, sunward fleeting."

"My! So poetic!! How old are you?"

"Seven."

"Seven! How precocious. How brilliant and big you are for your age."

"Not so big I haven't taken a ride for a short distance on Tooaa's back."

"A spirit of adventure."

"Takes one to know one?"

"Kindred spirits".

Toaaa, touched the side of my face with his wet nose. Smiling, I gently hugged him, then rubbed the top of his head. "Protect her, and I shall forever be grateful."

"~~Gods~~ Gods"

"~~Gods~~ be with you Allecia," I said, as I gently squeezed her right shoulder.

She reached over with her left hand and squeezed my hand on her shoulder. "And you, Jason," she sighed.

Loading my damp laundry into the saddle bags, I stopped at the town market for some groceries. My garden had not been very productive that year. There were fewer preserves in the root cellar.

Night fell, the wind sighed, and the stars and a crescent moon came out. Though I could see by the light of the moon I turned on my front and back bicycle lights, to make me more clearly visible. They were very bright since their batteries had been recently recharged. Effortlessly, I glided into and through the night. The peace in the quiet was made all the more peaceful by the hoot of an owl, and the sound of "Crikees!" I called out.

Slowly, a star began to take form by the lower tip of the crescent moon, growing into a giant blue star. "What in blue blazes!" I gasped. It rivaled the size of the moon itself. Again no one passed me. Never in the twelve years I had lived there, had there not been at least several vehicles passing me on that road, day or night.

That day and night faded while remaining indelibly impressed in me. Whenever I recall that day and night, I feel more at peace within myself.

I resumed my life of gardening, hiking, reading and letter campaigns to slow the destruction of the Earth. Through frugal living, and the hard work of holding more than one job at a time for most of my life, I had enough savings and earnings to invest. By luck, that which I invested in, turned out to be safe and profitable, increasing what I had originally invested in enormously, leaving me financially independent for the rest of my life. I had enough to donate to non-profit organizations involved directly or indirectly, in the activity of people that threatened the Earth, like mass immigration does.

Soon after that last trip to town a drought set in. Nearly a year passed with record heat waves. Fortunately, my well continued to provide more than enough water for my garden and my compost pile. Finally, one night, in a disheartened state, I fell asleep in my bay window bed, praying for an end to the drought. "When you wish upon a star, it makes no difference who you are." Was it Walt Disney's Jiminy Cricket that sang those words?

I woke up in an impossibly vivid dream, in the bay window bed of an 18th century sailing ship. There was an air of timelessness about the setting of the dream. The ship was docked against the rock wall of a portside village. As I looked out the window and down into the dark depths of the sea by the wall, I felt a tinge of terror.

At that instant I woke up in my bay window bed. It began to rain, on and off in torrential downpours for a month. Roads were flooded and covered with mud. Streams flowed where I had never seen them before. Other streams overflowed their banks, inundating meadows and forests.

Meadows became lush with tall dark green grass and an unbelievable abundance and variety of flowers. Purple flowers drew my attention the most. They looked like ornate upside down bells. I was mesmerized. Strangest of all were pink flowers that when I brushed up against one it released a cloud of yellow pollen, that settled on and around me. It stuck to me and I had to wash it off to get it off.

I was moved as never before to find and climb one of the forested mountainless peaks. My trepidation over my tendency to get lost had long deterred me from making such an attempt. What I couldn't cram into a large day pack I strapped and bound to the outside of it. A sleeping pad and a blanket, along with a small plastic tarp. There was more than enough to eat and drink for days. Off I peddled. I locked my bicycle to the trunk of a tree behind some other trees near the road.

Over patches of dark green moss, and up gray craggy boulders I went. By a miracle, I made it to the summit before nightfall. The view was a wonder to behold. There I spent the night, after laying out my sleeping pad on the flat treeless top. I pulled a small sleeping bag out of the pack and rolled up my sweater for a pillow.

Uncharacteristically optimistic, I rose early, had breakfast, repacked my belongings and started my descent. Ah! "pride goeth before a fall." Gladly, I didn't fall, but I did get lost. A lost soul. Who am I and where am I going? I've been asking myself those two questions all my life. To make matters worse, I rubbed one of those flowers that releases clouds of sticky pollen.

By noon I was sitting under a large oak tree drinking a bottle of juice, considering what next to do. I had enough provisions to last over a week. If I didn't end up going in circles I should run into a road well before I ran out of food and drink. From there with my map I would be able to find my way back to where I had parked the bicycle.

Suddenly, my thoughts were interrupted by the faint sound of crying. I repacked the bottle, shouldered ~~my~~ pack, and took off in the direction I had heard the crying coming from. ~~After a~~ *Atop* a small ridge I looked down and saw what looked like a girl setting on a sandy wash beneath a blue spruce. "Oh mommy, mommy," she cried.

As I walked towards her she looked up. It was Aleecia. "Aleecia!" I cried out.

"Jason!:" she exclaimed, almost at the same time.

We raced over to each other and embraced. "Oh Jason, Jason," she said ever so softly.

"How in the world?"

"I got lost," she answered.

Slowly we walked back to the wash and sat down as I unshouldered ~~my~~ pack. Unzipping it, I pulled out a protein bar and a bottle of grape juice, and handed it to her. She pulled the wrapper part way off the bar, and nibbled at it as she drank the juice. She too was covered with sticky yellow pollen.

"How long?" I asked.

"Since yesterday afternoon. Out of curiosity I wandered up a ravine, over a hill and through a dense thicket. That's where I got lost. Mom became too preoccupied exercising Tooaa. I was probably out of hearing range of her voice when she realized I was missing."

"Where did you sleep?"

"Under this tree. I have a warm sweater and I pushed some sand into a mound for a pillow. Still, it was a fitful sleep and a fearful night. I feel so much more at ease now that you're here."

"I hope your faith is not unfounded," I said, more than a little sadly.

She finished off the bar and most of the juice. I put the bottle back, stood up and shouldered my pack. It was then a helicopter passed low overhead. We both yelled, but who could hear over the noise of its' passage.

We returned to where I was when I first heard Aleecia crying. Reorienting myself, we continued on in the straight line direction I had been going.

"Jason, somehow it slipped my mind, but how did you get out here?"

"I got lost."

"Still, I think we'll make it," she said with no sign of apprehension in her voice or face.

By nightfall I had laid out the sleeping pad with a warm blanket on it for Aleecia. My rolled up sweater served as a pillow. I used my very small light weight sleeping bag on a flat stretch of pine needles with my pack as a pillow.

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As we sat sipping juice under the starry night sky, again, as I had a number of times since getting lost, I checked to see if there was service for my cell phone. None.

Just then a giant tear shaped blue green flame arched across the sky in a downward path. It vanished before hitting the earth.

"Oh my," Aleecia said breathlessly. I was transfixed.

A minute later another one streamed across the Heavens.

"Jason! Jason!" Aleecia said.

"I know, I know," I responded. Saying to myself "...More to Heaven and Earth..." "More to Nature than we can suppose."

This brought to mind another thought. Would it be so farfetched if the earth were alive, conscious, and sentient. The whole of the earth being greater than the sum of her parts. "A self-regulating super organism." Holy mother earth.

As I drifted off my mind wandered from the incredible phenomenon, Aleecia and I had witnessed ~~to other~~ ^{to other} ~~phenomenon~~ ^{phenomena}. I thought of subatomic wormholes or star gates, openings into other universes. I also reflected upon the possibility of life forces since subatomic particles exhibited consciousness. Not thinking consciousness but will, feeling. "Feeling is all in all," wrote Goethe. Psychic experiences are associated with deep, strong feelings. Like someone lifting a wrecked car, they normally would not be able to lift, in order to save someone who is trapped beneath the car.

Are there places where there is a greater chance for rapport between such life forces and people, and other animals, who have the deepest, strongest, most genuine feelings? Where there are ~~gates~~ ^{gates} in the space time continuum. Places where these overwhelming feelings are intensified and retained. As the love one feels for an animal may be increased and retained in he or she. What if someone with the deepest, strongest feelings traveled from one such power place to another, connecting them, like a psychic conduit, more completely. Increasing their individual and collective power, and thus their rapport with the life forces, the Gods themselves.

Is there one such power place that is far more powerful than the others? Imagine that the individual who has increased their power, increases the power of this last most transcendent star gate by linking it to the collective power of all the others at the right time. Would they all merge and concentrate instantaneously into a single star gate, creating an unprecedented opening to the Gods, the life forces of an endless infinity of worlds and universes? Unseen and undetected it might rise and hover far above the earth. Though the Gods are omniscient are there individuals that are more disposed to being able to move them?

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Long have I felt that the deeper, stronger more genuine the feelings communicated to the Gods, the more likely they are to be moved, and the more moved they are likely to be ~~moved~~.

Despite our exhausting ordeal, Aleecia and I rose early and trudged on, in what I hoped was the right direction. By noon we reached the road. Walking a short distance further we made it to my bicycle. There we rested and refueled, in the shade of an elm tree. My cell phone still wouldn't work where we were at.

An hour later I pushed the bicycle out onto the road. Aleecia climbed on to the super strong rear rack. Off I peddled.

It was night by the time we made it to town. Stopping at the park, I handed the cell phone to Aleecia. She called home. No one was there. "Mom, I'm safe and sound" she said in the message she left. From there we checked into a room at a motel across the street. I pushed the bike in, leaning it against the dresser. We both plopped down on the oversized bed, and fell fast asleep.

We awoke late the next morning feeling better, yet far from fully recovered. Aleecia called home again. Someone answered. "Mom!" Aleecia cried out. "Meet me at the park. I'll tell you all about it there. Bye."

Sitting at a park bench, we waited in anticipation. Minutes later the old yellow truck pulled up with Tooaa in back. Aleecia's mother jumped out. A small lady, with brown eyes and light brown hair, dressed in blue jeans and a green sweater "Aleecia!!" she cried out, as she ran to her daughter with open arms.

"Mommy!!" Aleecia yelled as she raced to her mother.

They embraced with tears flowing down their faces.

"How in the world did you make it back? I spent the night at a neighbors, beside myself with worry, grief, and guilt. We sent tracking dogs and a helicopter after you." Aleecia's mother gushed out.

"Perhaps it was the pollen from the flower^s we rubbed against" I interjected. "It settled all over us, and may have concealed our scent, as well as added to the camouflage of the forest."

"That's Jason," Aleecia said excitedly, "He saved me."

Looking at me more closely, her mother said softly, "She told me about you. You and she saw what others couldn't."

"Kindred spirits."

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"How? How?" she muttered.

"Luck," I answered. "White lost, I came across her. I had enough provisions and by chance was headed in the right direction. Your daughter is a brave, strong lass. A true blessing."

"As are you, Jason."

Suddenly Tooaa jumped out of the back of the truck and dashed over to Aleecia. She wrapped her arms around his neck, as he rubbed the side of his face against the side of her face.

Aleecia's mother wrote something on the back of a business card, laying it on her wallet to do so. She handed the card to me. "My address," she said with a wisp of a smile. "Feel free to drop by anytime. I'm usually home. I have an online business to supplement my pension. Thank you again, Jason."

"Nothing anyone with a shred of decency wouldn't do" I said.

"But you did it. From all that I have learned about you, I feel you would be a wonderful friend and guardian for my daughter."

She turned to Aleecia and called out, "come on young lady, let's go home."

Aleecia walked quickly to the truck with Tooaa alongside. Tooaa jumped into the back in one graceful leap. Aleecia turned to me and smiled with tears in her. "Bye Jason, till we meet again!" she called out.

"Till we meet again!!" I called back smiling, as I tilted my head slightly to the side and raised my hand.

"Adieu," her mother said as she climbed into the truck.

She shut the door, backed up, turned around, and sped off down the road, homeward bound.

A month later I was camped at a campground near the south side of town. I found myself with a lot of time on my hands. I peddled to Aleecia's place, a couple miles from town, at the end of a dirt road. Surrounded by giant Aspen trees with a high backyard chain link fence and a huge dog house was a small white house with a small white picket fence in the front yard. Sitting on a front porch bench was Aleecia, staring at the vast open spaces of the valley and the mountain range beyond.

I opened the front gate, wheeling my bicycle onto a stone foot path. Aleecia who had her head turned away from me as she gazed at the distant mountains, looked in my direction.

"Jason!" she cried out as she jumped up and ran towards me.

She wrapped her arms around my neck as I leaned forward putting my arm around her while holding my bicycle with my right hand.

Parting, we stood up. "Where's your mother?" I asked.

"She went to town to get some groceries, Our garden wasn't as productive this year as it has been in past years. She went by bicycle, which means she'll be gone for some time, since she will have taken the longer scenic route."

It was then I noticed the old yellow truck parked behind some trees.

"Say, why don't we go bicycling? It's a perfect day." Aleecia noted more to herself than to anyone else.

"I'm with you," I rejoined enthusiastically.

She hurried back to the house. Opening the screen door, she stepped inside. A minute later she was rolling a small mountain bike out the doorway and down the porch steps. "I keep it in my room to protect it from the weather." She explained.

Off we sped, over a log bridge spanning a stream. Down a road towards the mountains, we passed lush meadows, and ponds where ducks floated, and waddled along the shore, quacking in eternal delight.

Aleecia veered off the road onto what looked like an overgrown deer trail. I followed. It ended at a grove of tall slender deciduous ^{ness} trees. There was an air of timeless magic about them, as a breeze rustled their leaves like wind chimes.

We leaned our bikes against a tree and sat in silence sipping juice. Lost in the supreme ineffable peace of that place.

An hour later we were rushing home. Aleecia passed me up. It took some doing to catch up with her.

As I came alongside her I gasped, "You rascal."

She smiled, and went, "Heee."

We parted company at the front gate. I bid her a fond farewell.

Looking back I can see that day was the beginning of a budding relationship that would blossom into a lifelong, best friendship.

Every time I was in town, or thereabouts, I stopped off at their place. They reserved a room with a window for me in the attic. I almost always left the window open, to the fresh air and the night sounds of insects, birds and cows.

Eventually, I sold my place and bought a small house and land much closer to town. I build a bay window bed into my new home. Ever the stargazer. The soil was fertile and the garden fruitful, with a hillside root cellar. Aleecia and her mother were my frequent guests. I gave up the bay window bed to them, and took the living room couch.

I put in a fenced enclosure and a dog house for Tooaa. He would run alongside Aleecia and her mother when they bicycled to my place. Always staying off the road and away from traffic, he was never distracted by a rabbit, a cat or another dog.

By far our greatest love was bicycling outdoors. Aleecia's father had died not long after she was born. Her mother though had retired on a pension by then. This gave her more time to spend with her daughter, who became more independent and self-reliant than most kids her age. She learned to bicycle not long after she began to walk.

We went on wonderful excursions together. Taking Tooaa with us much of the time. Up along the sandy shore of a translucent emerald mountain lake we sometimes pitched our tents. Swimming and diving with Tooaa in the crystalline water. We tethered him to a tree whenever we went into our tents.

One morning Aleecia greeted me at the front door by singing to the tune of "It's so nice to have a man around the house" with the lyrics, "it's so nice to have a weirdo around the house!!"

At other times when we stopped on our bicycles at a crossroad, Aleecia would look one way down the crossroad, while I would look in the opposite direction. If either of us saw a car or truck coming we would say "human alert, human alert," assume battle stations, ding, ding, ding."

Those were the days, so carefree. Over the years in the company of Aleecia I became more carefree. Out of that greater ease, came the courage, strength, and intuitive acumen, to pursue my dream of finding and connecting all the power places of the world. Beginning in the area where I lived, and slowly expanding beyond and abroad.

As Aleecia got older she grew to love gymnastics, reading and writing. Flips, lay aways, ^{so} circles and back flips were but some of the feats she did with ease and grace. No subject she read about was too complex or esoteric for her to understand. Most remarkable of all though was a short story she wrote when she was only twelve years old, that won an award and a modest sum of money.

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The story was about a little girl lost in the snow bound winter depths of a mountain forest. She ended up at night in front of a huge pile of dead brush and fallen trees, with a rock formation behind and to the sides of her, like half an amphitheater. As she sat shivering, certain she wouldn't survive the night, a giant meteorite of liquid blue green fire in the shape of a teardrop passed overhead. A tiny part of the meteorite fire broke loose and fell onto the brush pile igniting it into a bonfire. The girl wasn't scorched but she was warmed. The rock formation increased and retained the warmth around her. Soon the snow around her melted. She removed her sweater, rolled it up into a pillow and bedded down on the pine needles of the forest floor.

The next morning she was awakened by something wet and soft touching the back of her neck. She rolled over and saw a big dog looking down at her. He barked and ran back up behind the rock formation. She put her sweater on and followed his tracks in the snow to a dirt road. Faintly, she was able to discern some of his tracks on the road. She followed them to a highway. On the other side was a service station and a convenience store. With a little pocket money, for her earned allowance, she bought something to eat and drink. Sitting at a table utterly exhausted, she was handed a cell phone by the cashier. She called home. "Mommy, Daddy, I'm at the convenience store off the highway." Twenty minutes later her parents arrived for a joyous reunion.

Aleecia continued to improve in her writing, the sale of which added substantially to the household income. With her mother's pension and online business they got by better than well enough. She had a small but devoted following of readers. Such crowd and corporate displeasing words as, "Imagine all the people, gone forever. There's no gold or oil to die for, only the timeless nirvanic splendor of nature," appealed to their imagination.

Aleecia's mother remarried and moved in with her new husband over a hundred miles away, leaving Tooaa and the house to her daughter.

Finally the day came when we parted company. I had found and touched upon all the power places I could for hundreds of miles around. Now, I had to set off by sail and rail to find the other power centers throughout the world.

Aleecia knew all too well what I had done and why I must go. She held me in her arms as she leaned her face against my head, then kissed my forehead. I looked up and saw tears welling up in her eyes. My eyes became watery as she said, "little daddy, you were a better friend and father than anyone else could ever be." I held her more tightly as I leaned my head against the bottom of her throat. I had left my place in her care, to be rented out to whomever she wished to.

Slowly I peddled off with my camping gear and a daypack as Aleecia cried out, "Gods be with you!"

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Years and years and years passed. I touched upon all the power places throughout the world, I had learned about, sensed, and found. By the time I rolled my bicycle down the gang plank of a sailing ship I had taken to a port a thousand miles from home, I had developed a persistent cough.

A week later I wearily leaned my bicycle against the front fence of Aleecia's house. Just as I stepped through the front gate Aleecia ran out crying, "Jason! Jason! Your back! Your back!"

She wrapped her arms around me and swung me around.

"Easy, easy, lass," I laughed.

Inside, she sat on the couch as I reclined slightly in an easy chair across from her, recounting some of my adventures.

"Where's Tooaa?" I finally asked.

"He passed away three years ago. He died in my arms, softly moaning," Aleecia sobbed. "I miss him so much."

I could feel tears welling up in my eyes at the news of the passing of beloved Tooaa.

I stayed in the room that had been Aleecia's mother's room.

Three days later I was checked into the local hospital. My cough had become worse. A thorough exam revealed I had terminal cancer. Aleecia was beside herself. "O no! no! Jason, little daddy." She cried. I was sitting on a chair in the hospital waiting room. She kneeled down put her hands on my knees and the side of her face on her hands. "I will fight this thing. I will do everything I can to cure it, or at least attenuate it."

She raised her head. I gently touched her tear stained face. "You have already done far more for me than anyone else could," I said quietly.

We moved into my place which had recently been vacated. Aleecia took the couch and left the bay window bed to me.

I should not have been surprised about the cancer. There are almost 10,000 chemicals, produced by the modern world, that cause or contribute to cancer. This, plus my poor heredity would have increased the risk of my contracting cancer, despite my diet and exercise.

Aleecia drastically slowed and attenuated the progression of that dread disease, with herbs and exotic home grown food from a small homemade greenhouse. She gave me another year. It was the best year of my life.

B

We camped out often. Once we even came across what might have been another power place. A mountain forest grew in such a way that from a distance the unforested summit had a star like form. At the top was an unbelievable abundance of various types of insects, including a beautiful green, gossamer winged glory that yet had no resemblance, that I could tell, to a butterfly, moth or miller.


The largest grasshopper I have ever seen was resting on the summit. It was a glossy green and yellow. Aleecia with a muffin in hand tore a big piece off and tossed it at the grasshopper. It landed by his head. He turned his head and devoured the whole thing in a few seconds. "My, my hippity hoppy," Aleecia said, smiling.

Finally the day came when I told Aleecia that I felt my end was near. "I want to spend my last days, my last hours on a mesa about seventy miles Northeast of here. There, I want to pray beneath the night sky for the impossible," I added.

She put her hands on my shoulders, squeezed them, ~~and~~ then pulled me against her, holding me ever so gently with my head beneath her chin. "I'm with you to the end," she said ever so softly.

The next day we were peddling down the road with provisions and camping gear ~~in~~^{up} our packs and in our saddle bags. She more than I. Following me at my own ponderous pace. We camped out later that night at a roadside campground.

Rising early, we made it to the base of the mesa by noon. The last few miles we passed over a barely discernable antelope trail. Setting up camp behind a cluster of tall bushes, we bedded down early, and rose late.

 Aleecia shifted our campsite to the top of the mesa following the antelope trail as it wound upward. She made three trips putting our tents behind a small hill. On the last she carried me up on her back. I just couldn't make it on my own.

I was bedded down under the stars on a sleeping pad with a blanket and a thick sweater rolled up into a pillow that lay on Aleecia's crossed legs. Her hands rested lightly on my chest. Her white pants were pushed up slightly over her ankles ~~like a goddess~~. Her face and hair, ~~was~~^{like} Kea Gade  were enshrined by the ~~stars~~^{Starlight}.

I thought of all the perils to, and the tolls upon, the earth. Whole species driven into extinction a thousand times faster than normal, by people, nuclear armed monsters, the acidification of the seas, habitat reduction, destruction and degradation, road kills and the decline in biodiversity.

As I sank ever deeper into the dark, dusty depths of despair, I saw the lights in the dark night of the soul, the living flames of love. Giant tear shaped liquid blue and green flames of

meteorites. Tears of the Gods. The life forces. I heard the thunder of their impact in the distance.

"Glory, glory, to the Gods on high" Aleecia cried out, "They have come to save and raise Holy Mother Earth.!!" Tears flowed down her face as if from a ceaseless fountain.

Sirens could be heard from a not too distant town, as meteorites continued to rain down on the earth. They released a luminous green vapor, that drifted out over the prairie. It engulfed a herd of antelope that had been grazing near the mesa along a tree lined river bank, leaving them unfazed.

Was it a prophetic vision, or was I seeing things in those last hours, when the most vivid daydream arose in me. The meteorite barrage continued throughout the world. Cracking open the surface of the earth and throwing up boulders that removed the common heat trapping gas CO₂. The meteorites themselves bore hydroxal~~an~~^{for} removing the far more powerful heat trapping gas methane.

The luminous green gas blanketed the whole of the earth, passing through the thickest walls, into the depths of the sea and above the highest mountains, putting people everywhere painlessly and peacefully asleep, even in otherwise impregnable fortresses.

Meteorites that hit fault lines, in some mysterious way, greatly increased the rate of subduction which ground the surface of the earth into the molten interior. Poisons and other things of people were also dragged down into destruction. Insects, spores and seeds were kept away from subduction zones by winds. Wherever animals were captive, in zoos, houses, etc., openings appeared for them to escape.

One meteorite even passed by remote space stations, as it released the green gas.

Subduction ground almost to a halt, millions of years later.

The earth now had a meteorite delivered super force field that would grow stronger, as the sun became hotter and bigger. Keeping the earth alive and well. When the sun contracted the shield would magnify its heat and light. At the right time the sun would be reignited into what it was in its earlier days. This would be repeated throughout much of the universe, which itself would have perfectly opposing forces that would prevent it from either collapsing or dissipating. More to heaven and earth..." More to Nature than we can suppose."

The force field would also repel black holes, gamma rays, rouge stars and planets and so forth, while further protecting the earth from novas, supernovas and such. The interior of the earth was kept molten. The sun was likewise given the same protection as the earth.

The earth had become the highest everlasting earthly paradisiacal Heaven. Her sky and oceans became a dark, dark luminous blue. The sapphire light of love in the nightshade pond of eternity.